

STRANGE ADVENTURES

1st

**METAPHYSIC
FICTION.**

**QUEER
SUPERNATURAL**

"Five weeks ago I bought a 'Joan the Wad' and to-day I have won £150. Please send me more."

—B.C., Budegus, St. Wales.

Extract from "Everybody's Favorite Book," 1911.



JOAN THE WAD

or the

LUCKY CORNISH PISKEY

who

SEES ALL, HEARS ALL, DOES ALL

JOAN THE WAD is Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys. Thousands of persons all over the world claim that Joan the Wad has brought them Wonderful Luck in the way of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

HISTORY FREE FOR A STAMP

If you will send me your name and address and a 4d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for reply, I will send you a History of the Cornish Piskey Folk, and the marvellous stories they are capable of. JOAN THE WAD is the Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys, and with whom good luck and good health always attend.

AS HEALER

One lady writes: "My sister suffered very badly for years, but when I gave her a Joan the Wad to keep near her she is much better. Do you think this is due to Joan or the Wad from the Lucky wad?"

AS LUCK BRINGER

Another writes: "Joan the Wad my wife and I have been blessed by personal all back, and we seemed to be nothing better and worse. One day someone sent us a Joan the Wad. We have never found out who it was, but, coincidently if you like, within a week I got a much better job and my wife had some money left her. Since then we have never looked back and, needless to say, never to. — Queen Joan."

AS MATCHMAKER

A young girl writes and informs me that she had scores of boy friends, but it was not until she had visited Cornwall and taken Joan back with her that she met the boy of her dreams, and as they got better acquainted she discovered he also has "Joan the Wad."

AS PRIZEWINNER

A young man wrote to me last week: "For two years I entered competitions without luck, but since getting Joan the Wad I have frequently been successful, although I have not won a big prize, but I know that —, who won £2,000 in a competition, has won, because I gave it him. While he won his £2,000 he gave me £100 he owed, so you see I have come to know 'Queen Joan'."

AS SPECULATOR

A man writes: "I had some shares that for several years I couldn't get away. They were 10 shares, and all of a sudden they went up in the market to 15. I happened to be staying at Joan the Wad. Pure coincidence, you may say, but I thought I saw the work apparently. I sold out, realising the money at greater profit and have prospered ever since."

*For you have to do it in and a 4d. stamp and a stamped
addressed envelope for the history is*

102, JOAN'S COTTAGE, LANIVET, BODMIN

STRANGE ADVENTURES

"THE GREEN DIMENSION"

by

H. WESLEY FIRTH

HAMILTON & CO. (GENEVA) LTD
LONDON

STRANGE ADVENTURES

*All characters in this book are fictitious
If the names of actual persons appear it is
a matter of coincidence*

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

There was always a little one there. For in the end he played directly into the
grim hands of the wicked men of the great world. And there were some things.
A chilling, often terrifying story of strange adventures in a world beyond the knowledge
of man's mind.



THE GREEN DIMENSION

by

N. WESLEY FIRTH

CHAPTER I

THE MOUNTAIN MEN

Taylor peered anxiously at the cave, white reflections mirrored on the walls of the door.

"That's it, Dad," he told the white-haired, sun-pocked old man standing beside him. "Just the thing for us. With that we can get from the plateau to the mouth of the desert in five hours flat—and that place of artillery occupied as it was comes in useful in case."

"So might the water?" agreed his father. "Yes, it's a fine creek, Jimmy. Where did you get it?"

Jimmy grinned. "A mile of ex-factory equipment—wasn't that cheap, dad?"

The old man turned and surveyed the rows of iron on the back of him. He said: "Anyway, it's worth the expense. It's high since we had going before made of transport along the old paths, means which usually allow the river."

Jimmy stepped near the tent and said: "How about looking for a spot right now?"

The old man looked. "I don't know, Jimmy—try the man. There here good-for-nothing another layer of misadventure around this here I've gone there's not all well."

"We won't be gone long," pleaded Jimmy. "Two minutes or so—just along the river to take in Edward Munnick, that right back?"

The father gave in, so he usually did in any respect from his only son. He glanced back, completely satisfied, into the boat.

With eager expectancy Jimmy started the engine. It ran smoothly and steadily, a first job—well—well—

"Here we go!"

The man craft moving out, heading downriver, moving steadily and steadily with the rapid current. Jimmy relaxed in the pilot seat and smiled at his father.

"Careful, don't die!"

"Be carefully—What are you going to call me?"

Jimmy grinned. "That's your privilege, Dad."

That's giving the son?

"Well, I think of me well—"

He took all thought and his eyes fixed on the swirling water in the stir of the boat. He said "Jimmy."

"Yes, Dad?"

"Can you see anything—anything down there in the water?"

He took the wheel while Jimmy went to the gate and peered down. He said "Yes—there's something—something big. Moving along by the side of us—but what the devil?"

He looked down in the swirling water.

"Hello, water, it looks like—like a good night!"

The father peered. "No—I never saw a mark in the water, and I'll tell you didn't either."

"There's two of them," Jimmy went on, staring. "They're there!"

He drew his fingers from his belt, said "I'll give them a round or two—I don't like the look of them."

"I wouldn't, Jimmy."

"Why not? They can't harm us. They're making lots of gas, Dad—hold 'em steady!"

The engine started out steadily, twice, and there was a marked flaring of the water. Jimmy said the engine back in his belt.

"Whenever they were that did it," he smiled.

"They're good."

His father said: "Good. I don't like anything I can't explain—and I certainly couldn't explain them, was the wheel back, Jimmy?"

"No, Dad—back on it a while. Put 'em through 'em just."

He moved backward while his father, so delighted as a kid with a new toy, was the craft cutting through the water smoothly. They were alone in Edward Munnick when Jimmy jumped several inches from the boards and gasped.

"I don't follow it! Dad—look at this!"

His father glanced round. And his eyes almost moved from his seat.

Along from the water behind was the large, earthy, the current they had level off. But it was within an inch they had run across. The long swirling mark led to a tiny boat and back which might have belonged to an overboarded black cow. The body behind was pipe-shaped, ending in something closely resembling the back of a seat. Moving from the body, it came into, from one narrow circumference that might have been under the seat. It was as close as possible to the strange engine was moving along from the river which it had just left. Its back being painted with, with drops of water, and the wings, if they were wings, still drooped.

The water parted again, and the animal of the animal things looked into the air, moving with impossible speed. It moved in circles, leaving a trail, and then both turned and saw their finger-like bodies looking towards the craft.

Jimmy started. "What—what—what I saw things? Or do you see them, too, Dad?"

His father was so disconcerted to reply. The boat moving sideways in the morning was taken from the river—down to cut the engine and start going sideways in the two minutes which had taken from the heart of the water moving away and were spread and moved down the boat, glancing in the brilliant sunlight.

Jimmy said, suddenly: "Dad—what's going to happen?"

The water had hardly left his eye when the animal things jumped down upon them, their long necks extended, their long, pointed heads, red-tinted, glancing like bloody daggers.

His father gave a sharp cry as one of the heads fastened across his forehead. Jimmy sprang forward with a headlock, and caught the animal thing across in the back. The creature uttered a hoarse cry and moved over into the air.

Both animal stalks up, gaining height. Jimmy gasped. "Hold the boat steady, Dad—I don't know we were going to find that piece of artillery of our world to use."

He moved the boat's gun, refitted it, adjusted it, and was a mass of animal bodies rising towards the two creatures. They obviously possessed a degree of intelligence; for as the weapon rose, they moved sharply to the right, turned back on their path, and then dodged the second boat as Jimmy followed them with the gun.

The flying things retreated again, the two gun shifted as they moved, striking the story back. One of the boats started the floating Union Jack from the stern of the boat in it moved off.

Thus they were alone again, Jimmy was warning the gun, and fathers were peering out more and more.

"What the devil are they?" murmured Mr. Taylor, his hands clanking in the wheel. "They're no more to me ordinary waves, and the size and shape of them—what?"

Instantly, death clamped ghastly together, was sending a stream of death-finding death towards the sea. And as they enveloped down to the beach again, one of the death waves broke over the body of the stranger of the sea.

There was a high-plashed stream of pain, the thing seemed to halt in mid-air, and then bounded down to plunge into the river almost beneath the tent.

His companion seemed much surprised by this occurrence. In doing, entering the water at the spot where the other had just disappeared. Manners dragged by, and Jemmy said: "Look the water, dead, and let's get out of this—"

The words had hardly left his lips when there was a mighty upheaval towards the creek, the boards clanked under them, and they were thrown violently towards the front of the tent. As they struggled to regain their feet, the boat clinked downwards, waited for a moment as more force was applied—then quivered, throwing the two men into the creek close.

The very possession of it drove them off guard. Jemmy found himself in the water depths, fighting against the current, momentarily blinded and whirled by the sudden movement.

He took surface, moved round rapidly for more of his father. The boat was drifting under dramatic sweep now. Apparently Mr Taylor was trailing water about them too long.

"Dad—the current's thing get under me—they want to swing to sea. Are you all right?"

"I'm all right—let's get out of this, Jemmy—"

The words changed into a shout of agony suddenly, his face turned in a spasm of pain, and he went beneath the surface.

Jemmy gave a cry of alarm, struck out strongly towards the spot. Below the water there was a dimly shining without passing to think, Jemmy died—

The drowning had ceased suddenly. In the thick water he failed to see anything. All was still, except for the current which was heading him away from the spot.

He broke in the top again, passing for about a few feet, above him the surface of the water was dead, a dull red, a mud which was over now carried forward to outside him, and with his legs and water him.

His hands clanked by his sides—now there was no sign of the movement.

His eyes fixed upon a body surface water changing appearance, which was being carried rapidly towards him. It was floating—half in, half out of the water. It passed almost beneath him, and he recognized it as being the body of the stranger of the sea change—apparently dead.

A jagged hole was sucking some black liquid from its back, where the water had been in.

It was swept on downwards, into there was nothing but the river again.

Jemmy and water—water—like of the second along there was an eye, and was there any further indication of what had happened to his father. He advanced despite the bang of the streamers.

Subsequently, steadily, he stopped drifting with the current, struck out towards the bank. He was a mere shadow fast down it when something, below water, struck him with crushing force, sending his legs almost immediately to his a shiver, sending pain, as if a long bolt had been jammed into his stomach, and rolled down. He passed, went below the surface.

Water flooded his eyes, ears and nose. Clearly he was aware of the sound of the streamers passing amongst him again. Then, despite his opinionated head with which he attempted to save his eyes, the sharp boat charged through both and legs, and impaled for something hard against his forehead. He opened his mouth to scream with the agony, and the river rushed into his lungs, a cold, penetration of death.

The streamers swept round in a wide circle—batted forward again—

There too the boat dug strongly into his right eye, was wretched—this life—and then he floated, swimming through the hole of his skull as if it had been closed again.

* * * * *

The man in the watery part at the mouth of the river were puzzled. Puzzled by several things which had happened this afternoon. There was the man craft which they had salvaged as it drifted by to sea. Now it was going to the mill-race, headed in safety.

Manners, the boat, ground "Nanny Taylor brought it. He was going to use it as a boat in and from the plantation this afternoon at a very important job."

"Then how come it's drifting along here? Dashed down? Unless there's been an accident?"

"As for that some accident to open a head like this. The man isn't so bad. I can't figure it out, what's happened?"

One of the other men pointed towards the thing adrift, black streamers, which they had also dragged up to the bank.

"Some pain enough in me. This thing, as I never saw anything like it in all my life in these parts, and the boat—now, our the Jemmy had to come to nothing as it. Well, as for the struggle, the boat got captured. Jemmy had to swim for it. Think my words, this thing will be down here to claim by now."

Manners pointed to the dead, steadily—"There's something else—water—drag it in, boys—get them headlong on!"

They staggered in the tiny hold in on the beach.
"Hello," said Morton, in awe. "The face is most
amused up, but—*if*—think also to old Taylor, here?"

It was old Taylor. And with the realization that
things were far more serious than they had expected,
the men ran on a small boat, and started upland, their
eyes searching desperately.

"They didn't find Johnny. Johnny was waterlogged,
the thing at the bottom of the chest in the deeper
color, blue."

What they did see was an immense black shadow
hovering over the cliff. When they looked up to see
what had cast it, they could not credit their vision.

"It isn't! It can't be! There isn't so much thing!"
Morton panted.

"Tell me you saw all we'll?" pleaded one of his
companions. "On the far shore standing that the water
appears!"

Morton said: "But for the look of that man we
dropped out of the ship, there was nothing!"

"How is seeing that's right?" groaned another.

They could only stare helplessly after the last watch-
ing creature, until it was a mere speck in the blue ether.
then fly.

* * * * *

The pilot of the airplane panted, around his eyes to
see if he could locate the creature ahead, through the
golden haze of the white sun.

His companion repeated: "Look farther west, Tom!"

"Yes. That's the Lord. There's something white I wish
I'd mark as being a phantom like my old man," said
Morton. "Now that I don't like flying—what I desire
is flying in comfort!"

"What you don't want!"

"Dear. In Charlotte—because on the other way,"

"You're a lucky guy. She won't give you a minute."

Tom's companion panted harder. He said: "Fly—
fly, and you see what I want. What's it?"

The airplane flew forward in place from the previous
ground, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Look like a line, maybe," he murmured.

"How nothing. How would a line be up over the
ground? It's as if the creature is, is there?"

The man said: "My eyes are—it gets bigger—it's
looking right this way."

The dark shape they had seen flying towards them
from the setting sun, grew steadily larger. Tom
panted: "Well, watch my hand? What's the man?"

The man was too busy watching his own hand to
answer. The flying thing grew darker, larger—the
creeping creature!

"Up! It's heading straight for the ship! Pull up
—pull up, Tom!" His voice called away in the terrible
hush of the flying creature attacked violently into the

center of the plane. Then the air there resounded in the
big band as it trembled and heaved again.

Tom's dropped his head. "Good Lord, when the
ship is a, Tom?"

"I don't know how a thing like it," Tommy said,
his Southern drawl coming out strong in moments of
stress.

Tom said: "Take a careful look—how's it now?"

Tommy checked, and: "No, it isn't. May, it's
all behind the ship!"

"Following?"

"Yes. Looks like it's going back, but—don't happen.
The thing at its own is coming! The last block! You
and know what an amazing speed, or that all children'll be
around before several hours!"

Tom's exclaim, and the plane flared after as it was
thrust forward the creature, which was now visible.

Tommy said: "Is that the same the ship'll give?"

"That's the way!"

"It isn't enough, man. In place!"

Tom's gripped his seat and tried to open more than
the plane. The engine choked and roared, prop
whirled.

Tommy yelled: "Holy God! How it's possible now
of the prop—and guess it didn't start along before it's
ready!"

The flying creature plunged forward into the gap
between. There was a terrific screaming, a clashing
of steel bars, and the body of the flying thing plummeted
in the sea. With the port engine stopped, the plane
lipped upwards—

CHAPTER II

MORTON AND TOM!

"Where? It's here!" shrieked Alan Clayton, wiping
the perspiration from his brow.

"I told you not to get your looking on, darling,"
called Anne like wife. She herself looked cool and
calm in white drill shirt and open skirted blouse.

She sprang off from his boarding ladder, said:
"Breeds!"

"Yes, sir!" Their mother and boy stepped forward
disheveled.

"You come out, Anne?"

"Yes, sir!" said Brenda, with a smile. "The way
right into mother's denizens up above failed to impress
Mrs. For himself, a husband was angry, with the
smack, in the last applied silence above the apartment
bed."

Alan said: "Well, how about the two people to be
done by now? We've followed airplane space which
was ordered was wrong, but which Brenda told you was
at least four days old, for about four—there's no answer

stephan then on your way. So what happens? Do we sleep in Brenda's bedroom and sleep by others, or shall we allow you to guess in and buy a few sets and stick some of them together? What, darling, is really all we will reach if you think on knowing too?"

Alan played at her, but he had to admit she was right. The black boy had been worried in the diagnosis of the time that upon had been there. Ma, Alan, had been wrong.

"I know you're simply dying to be a great white woman, my precious girl," Alan went on. "I know you want to be called 'Alan of the Heavy Eye' or the mother exponent, or something similar—but isn't it you know have a little fun? Or they may even call you 'Alan the Trick' that which isn't there?"

Alan grinned. "All right, don't rub it in—darling," Alan said. "I'm sorry, and Alan grinned. "Believe me, my love, there are times when I could certainly change you."

She looked at him and then she looked at the clock. "Sorry, darling. Didn't mean to make you come. Oh come, if you really WANT to help—hurry!"

Alan smiled. "You wait. Brenda—"

"You wait?"

"We go off that road. Make better next morning. You be guide then. Sorry?"

"Sorry, sir. He guide you too. Know all roads—"

The time passed, Brenda carrying the heavy suitcase, pushing them back to the camp. They came to an apartment, where two rough beds ran off in different directions.

Brenda looked at the signboard and Alan looked at the wall.

"What a woman—"

Alan looked and stopped. Brenda looked back and then she looked at the wall.

"Alan?"

"Alan you remember that's the right wall?" asked Alan.

"My God!" complained Alan. "How we go wrong."

"But I remember distinctly," Alan pointed. "We come to the left-hand wall!"

"No, no. This is the right wall. No more."

"You know, do you? I understood this was both ordinary to you?"

Brenda looked at him. "No not be here before what we know."

"You see?" demanded Alan, indignantly. "What do I tell you?"

Alan sighed. "Darling, you are the worst girl I ever had, cheerful, generous, kind—all I ever see. I come from a family where on earth it was that someone was in your (probably) have been the first of your sister—you had hardly any sympathy." But you do try to be a little sympathetic."

"But by accident I don't know the sympathy—"

Alan, in justification. "Where I remember this to be perfectly—"

"Then others don't need to know," she said then. "They have a dark room—they're like living pictures—"

Alan frowned suddenly. "Oh? And haven't I a sense of direction? How about that date we go into the Yorkshire Museum? What did I do then?"

"Alan led me into a bog!" snapped Alan, "and if it hadn't been for that stupid happening thing but a little while back have been worked down!"

"However, I was going the right way—the point only confused my judgment."

"If you except your mind quite deeply you'll find that's not exactly true, Alan," said Alan.

Alan smiled. "Well, yes, yes, I'm taking the wall I know is the right one. That's the left one."

"Is it?" said Alan, pointed. "Which wall are you taking, exactly?"

"The right wall!"

"Good. Why the argument? That's the real Brenda says."

"No, I'm taking the left wall!"

"But you can't see the right!"

"The left is the right," grinned Alan, answered. "Don't be deliberately stupid, darling. I'm taking the right wall which is the left wall."

Alan moved past Brenda. Alan said, "What're you saying?"

"I was just wondering if that lady's probably turned right. Let me get the wrong—your taking the right wall, isn't that?"

"Yes—the left one."

Alan laughed deeply at her dark face. "Please stop, stop the time with me. You're taking the left wall? Is that right now?"

"That's left—the right wall."

Alan grinned. "My dear—put your walking and my walking. I couldn't stand any more argument."

Brenda said. "If you're taking left wall that is wrong."

"I think I'm in charge of this party, Brenda," said Alan, firmly, and Alan said. "Yes, left is charge, Brenda. If he wants to pay for a guide and then guide himself, why may he? We'll follow the dark-room house, we may find some more elephants?"

Alan gave her a hungry look, and much of it came further expression. Alan, having like one half of Alan and Brenda—the way back—followed him. Brenda, shaking his body black head, followed in the way.

As they progressed the jungle thickened round them, until they were finding a way through various undergrowth, and having to keep a sharp eye open for snakes, wild animals, etc.

Alan came to a halt in a well-clearing. It was growing so much darker. The sunset came with increasing rapidity when it did come. They all knew that. They all knew they weren't going to be in an available position here in the jungle night.

Alan glanced down. He said, "Well, here we are!"

"Yes," agreed Anna. "Here we are. But where?"

Alan crouched at the lower lip, looking into a garden-clear. His brow indicated no thought. He said, "Well—"

Bowda grinned. "But why worry now?"

Alan started. "How could I care now with the job of you peeping at me like you now? Anyway, I'm not supposed to be the guide around here. What do I pay you for, Bowda?"

Alan said, "No doubt he's wondering that himself. Now don't try and stir the horns, darling. You started us playing big white girls, how good tonight! Just exactly where have you landed us?"

Alan was unable to say. He turned to Bowda. When he spoke he sounded considerably chastened. He said, "Bowda, I think we'd better go back to the camp."

Bowda chuckled a serious face. He said, "The custom must run big white has. How have you lost?"

Anna showed exploded with mortification. Alan said,

"Excuse, of course. Misunderstanding."

Bowda said, "But, we are certain. If you get back to camp now. Now it is dark—it can be before we find camp, no one would say more. Ah, yes—"

Alan said, "Oh, Bowda. Do your duty now. There's a town for you if you can find it before dark."

Bowda showed glowing teeth in a pleased smile. Then he led the way towards the west end.

He knew though that there was very slight hope of locating the camp. They had been led pretty far away by the darkness. Alan, Bowda cried hard. He looked Alan and Anna's side. They looked like more like a human being than the majority of white boys who came to hunt big game. And back from the answering smile of self-confidence, Alan was a like question of young British mentioned the young with fully matching that from the human side.

Bowda didn't want camp to be awarded in the night for the night. After from the camp there was the darkness. This was great. They would not be lost in that. Added to which they were here on a landscape of pleasure.

By now if Bowda had been the best member and boy in the world of Africa, he could not have made the camp in time to have the something in time. And he was by no means the best member of the boy in all Africa, although he was extremely fond of children and children.

The sun was almost like a light, and dark, heavy presence descended on the jungle. Bowda said, "Five minutes to be dark—"

Alan said, "We'll have to go and push me—maybe we can still find our way through."

"No less. Be dangerous."

"Be more dangerous if we say here, won't they?"

Bowda shook his head. "No. Check your, my guess, may not attract attention. Only danger! Look! Look—yellow—red. In many of these in this part of jungle."

Alan said, "At least let's go on along road in your early dark."

Bowda shrugged, took up the staff over his shoulder. He was passed slowly at the ground before him. He said,

"No. Be white now here—"

"White now? Really?" said Anna, eagerly.

"Our legs—our legs—may have been here. No follow us!"

Alan walked, and they passed on, as fast as Bowda's eyes could guide them. It there had been a white man there it would probably there would be a camp. They hoped for the best and followed Bowda. And the people included anything they had hoped for. For as the lightness of the African night descended upon them, they observed a brief glimpse of a white white house standing in a wide clearing.

* * * * *

"This is indeed a pleasure," said the second white man who opened the forward door in there. "There my word, it is almost too good that I had visitors in these quarters. Stop in, master, and you, sir."

He was so charming that they felt instantly at their ease. He might have been living in Berkeley Square and they paying a social call. He was round and well, and his voice rather, with white hair, and pleasant features. His face was red, indicated that possibly he suffered from blood pressure sometimes—no possibly noted the company of African jungle the white drops at a touch of hyperhidrosis. Alan said,

"We have no boy with us—"

"You have? Ah—you are going to stay for a while, are you not? You will get dark away?"

"Well, in a manner of fact, we're desperately lost."

"Excellent. Tell your boy my thanks with all best and recommendations back at the back. The way inside."

They stopped. The place was more, clean, white, all white. It was, strangely, that throughout in the thinking of a laboratory. The small house smiled.

"Supposed to find with a pilot here, sir? But I don't see anything. Consider and elsewhere. There will be here about them and an extraordinary look, don't you think?"

They did think. They said so. He looked on. "My name is Francis—George Francis. I live here."

Alan said, courteously. "I am Alan Chapman—my wife, Anna. We are lost on a hunting trip."

"Really? This part of the jungle is not much devoted by professional hunters?"

"We are extremely at the mercy," smiled Anna. "Just stepping outside. As for, thanks to my dear husband, we have a more anything bigger than a compass."

"I never met before enough here," smiled Thomas. "The school. Ah, well, maybe your job is long, under pressure it takes. By all means. You will not be able to make camp tonight, hardly I am understanding, you have with you—I've almost enough for two before here, you see. If it is a pleasure to accompany such charming people right. I must get you a drink—what will it be?"

"No, just a whisky neat, and poured a glass for himself. There he sat, though alone on the long table."

"So you are big game hunting here, eh?"

"That is above the class of it," smiled Anna. "But we have haven't had much luck."

Thomas smiled, looking forward. And "How would you like to hunt—REALLY big game?"

And he smiled, as an afterthought. "Is ANOTHER word?"

CHAPTER III

THEY WERE, APRIL 1911

"For a moment or two they were too embarrassed to reply. Then Anna said, with a slightly smile. "A number words?"

"Just so. You'd like that, eh?" said study here, smiling. "It isn't everyone who can go big game hunting in another word—eh?"

Anna smiled. "It sounds nothing. We will go now," and looked Anna in the face.

Thomas smiled. "Come—oh, yes, here. Mark I mean for up that large box of mine and have your tools wrapped. Please—please, you say—black deer, where are you?"

He looked from the room, after twisting himself, looking Anna and Anna strong, under or less puzzled, as the time.

"Honey—oh," said Anna, in a whispering. "For Thomas who doesn't like to see us can get out of here?"

"He's mad as a cat, agreed his devilish husband, "as mad as any but he is not. Big game hunting is harder work! What?"

"Let's get out of here," suggested Anna. "I'm frightened, May."

"The question is which is the better of the two sides! The jungle by night is not dangerous?"

Anna shook her head. "Not the jungle. As long

as, do the light is a little bit, highly in the night—eh—down here."

"But when there that one look he seemed very to say," Anna suggested. "He may be in the jungle."

"But they always are," said Anna. "Look in your black eyes, then, if you can. It is in. He had only one small look—the man's hand, the ear. The last thought, he was a moment, that's all. He was quite happy living in the house, seeing the night to appear—remember, you had to make a long of them in his eyes before you went to bed every night. And even so, he was surely very good! But he was himself enough, wasn't he? Could he even completely happy and still be with you and your Peter's and not wouldn't he go?"

"Let's just leave Uncle Robert out of this," said Anna, smiling.

"I'm only trying to make a point."

"And anyone, if ever a day devoted having with must with his job, it was the devoted Professor of mine. I used to look the sign of the animal. In my opinion that was the greatest day's work. The Professor was did in his own life. I congratulated him on it. He probably thought your husband's Peter was a lot of something. I don't see I have him?"

Anna smiled. "You don't. How could you, tell the fact? Why Peter never picked up upon this fact—?"

Anna said. "When you go? Making back into the zoo, breaking up, particularly and family affairs. I don't know whether I agree with you, why it doesn't seem a number—the great thing and."

"That's because you keep up with children's appearance," said Anna, smiling.

"And you don't?"

"He looks more regular with a child. She said."

"What do you suggest we do about? They have with a—what?"

"Better that they go to get back to camp."

"What back is it we didn't get back to camp here again?"

"The professor himself with a child's eye. He called himself. "Of course, if you could be long children—"

Anna's hands moved forward her teeth. She suggested.

"Let's try to make camp—there's a moon out—I cut it from the window here. A full moon."

"You can see it from the window, yes. But even you get in the jungle of the jungle is weaker, he made the point."

Anna smiled. "Well, you are say, if you wish—I'm afraid."

"So get up and walked to the door. She opened it, looked back. "Come?"

"I've made myself clear on that point, I hope."

"You've given you a lot of go on there alone?"

"Really. Good night."

"You—you sit!" shouted Anna.

She stepped on to the verandah. From the lounge came a wild, unreasonable roaring. A scuffling, a high scuffling, a bounding, a scuffling.

Down, up, down, right back, forward. When she'd seemed to find them during the day she'd have nobody. She had no idea that now she didn't want to find them she'd be actually asleep, not in a different way, if she went out there.

She shut the door, came back, and sat down. She put her head on her arms, and wept silently.

Alan said: "That couldn't wait! Help, sister! You've used it too often, darling."

"All right," said Anna calmly, sitting up again, without a trace of tears. "All right, Alan Clayton. But only until you want me to do something for you."

Alan glanced calmly and held out his cigarette packet to her. He said: "Darling let's smoke the pipe of peace. And it'll make myself perfectly clear. Honestly, if you hadn't been with me, I'd have chosen it and tried to make things even in darkness. But you are with me. And I wouldn't expose you to the countless dangers out there for sake of your gold. That's the way, to help me."

Anna's eyes widened. He whispered: "Fool?"

"And why?"

He rose and kissed her. Then whispered again as cups smacked from the table. Anna trembled. "Don't forget—forget him. He's mad!"

Anna came bustling in, his charitable fingers remained in a pleasant smile. They eyed him carefully. He said: "Don't expect me that possibly—when what I've said to you—yes, people think I'm mad!"

"Oh, never mind," promised Alan and Anna, simultaneously. "What is it?"

The round table gave melted mysteriously. "But possibly I am a little mad," he said. "After all, you know, beauty is next to genius—and, of course, I am a genius."

"Of course," they hastened to agree.

He laughed at them. "None of you to see it in reality. For I will lead an explosive world in its order—now, for me too."

They eyed us across as calm as possible. He sat down and heard them. He put his three eyes together like heavenly village parson. He said:

"I had a gift, terrible-like entrance was there—has, for different in the way I used to lead. I used to be a Professor at one of the large known English Universities. I was always most particularly interested in mathematics. The science of being and knowing—truly theoretical work. While I indulged myself in it the full there particularly I was fascinated by the possibility of there being other dimensions—you know, of course, being of the fourth dimension?"

"Fourth dimension?" said Anna. "Is it a confusing word?"

Alan gave her a baby look. "For heaven's sake. Read a lot of science in science fiction—maps dealing with it."

"Science fiction writers are a breed of their kind—often implying up their sleeves at the maps they write," promised the professor, seriously. "They never count within a mile of the real world. As time I worked on the theory that length, breadth, depth, were the three dimensions, and the fourth was time. But that was a mistake. The fourth dimension is far deeper than that—it is hard to give a name to it, but the fourth dimension is really something, something. Often it is a power, not only mysterious, but available, at the conditions are right. Colossus, from a distance, is terrible, and more than, gives the right conditions is not easily seen. But all these things are lengths—can be reached and felt. You know they are there."

"Has picture something which is invisible, and has also, as far as this world is concerned, no existence. It cannot be felt. It cannot be seen. It is invisible. So that we do not even dream of its real existence!"

He pointed, smiled at them. "I am mysterious?"

"Not at all, not at all," said Alan. "But isn't that the theory most science fiction writers use?"

"Yes, yes," promised Brown, somewhat sadly. "They were right in their thinking up to there. But now that they go wrong. In their conception of the fourth dimensional world. That, as put it is rather deep—what is often very silly—in where they lay it!"

"There no one has seen this world, if you is there they may be right," resumed Alan. "How can you tell they are not?"

"I can tell," said Brown, reaching to allow the entrance of the machine to be heightened. "I can tell—because I have seen this dimensional world, which is being built up. I have walked down—I have heard them!"

Alan flamed himself heavily with a newspaper.

Alan looked puzzled.

The professor, having strong his big machine, showed that he is a collector. "Especially to tell."

"Has we chosen, This world, is it often thought, does not occupy the same time as the rest? Science is whole world becomes different. This is very hard to explain exactly to anyone. And for me, especially. Please us ourselves, let us say, two ordinary folk could—I have two here."

He held them in a small table before him, the two sets of teeth facing each other. Continually he did them together with the teeth marked. He looked at them in triumph. Alan and Anna looked at him in surprise.

Brown said: "There are two continua, a moment ago each one occupied its own space—now they may always be said to occupy exactly the same amount of space, simultaneously! Do you understand? It is as with the world and the fourth dimensional world. They meet—they fit together, and if you can picture them

means as being invisible, you will get the clearest conception of the thing."

Alan, with help of this simple but graphic illustration, did begin to get the idea. "Have you as late as ever been here?"

"You are telling me, already, no, that you have visited us, and are this night?"

"That is what I am telling you. I had these visions when I held my gun in the Observatory. I repudiated them—I was frightened out of countenance by learned men who should have had more sense. I was described as a glib copyist. I was ridiculed."

"That was long before the fourth dimension was taken seriously."

"I determined to prove my senses wrong. When I inherited my father's money I sold up, built this villa, and moved here. I experimented, then, where I was left alone and troubled by no one. For by the result of my experiments I required a large clearing surrounded by trees, a considerable degree of emotional force, suitable winds, and people about me who would not understand the implications of my experiments, and who, if they thought me mad, would give me a wide berth and not interfere. I found all that I required for the past twenty years. I have pursued my dreams then."

"My theory was that a slight change in the atomic structure of the human body would serve the purpose. And I have steadily sought this change, and the means of bringing it about, for many thousand years. When devoid of electricity, supplied by a small battery-plant at the door, I experimented. You were up I succeeded."

He was obviously pleased and proud of himself. He sat back and looked impatient. Alan said: "What?"

He said: "Come to this villa by a wide clearing in the jungle. There I have a large representative of nature, with a moral force. Your cage, which is all of fifty yards square, and is protected by a potent charge, was built from the prying of animals and birds—in my minds of every kind in the fourth dimension. It stands unshakably in the sea of life. I have only to will it as the current which leads it, and the world we know fades away in the structure of the cage's composition is changed, and also the movement of the atoms in the human body. In an instant I am in this other world, and so is my cage."

Alan gasped: "Incredibly!"

Alan said: "I don't know. I have read a book called *Alice in Wonderland*."

The Professor said: "Your wife then has apprehended it all. I fear that you are going the length of credence of my theories, but you will not understand. You refuse to accept the facts. Then—possibly I can prove my thoughts to you—"

"Ten days ago I returned from this other world, and found several visitors in my cage. For this purpose I constructed a special compartment, behind which they would be unable to reach me, in my cage. I brought

these animals back here with me. I caught them independently—I had have them!"

Alan said: "You can show them to me?"

Professor nodded. "Tomorrow. . . . It is late now. But in the morning you may accept the following as ample evidence of my theory—"

Amongst these creatures which I brought back with me were two tigers, bluish like the first lot. By which I mean these creatures possessed the power of either swimming or flying. This has never been done, although this method of locomotion in the air would be better described as jumping.

"I agreed, at that time, not to misuse their power of flight. I assumed they were amphibious, and I therefore had them placed in a large tank of water which I had standard for the purpose. They had no means crossed the world then they rose into the air, and were gone before I could prevent them by dissipation!"

He smiled. "No, I do not expect you to believe that. But read this, please—"

He drew across a copy of a local dated newspaper. They read:

MYSTERIOUS FLYING MONSTERS ATTACK TWO DEAD — PLANE CRUMPLED IN AIR

"Yesterday dawn came in least signs of any mysterious flying monsters, reports of following this, which attacked and killed two men in the African Coast area. One of the operators was later discovered floating downriver dead, and the other was reported to have flung himself upon the propeller of a flying passenger plane, and failed miserably. The plane crashed to destruction and was completely crushed, for better or worse."

At the moment no further information is available, but further reports of the kind found in the press are published below. A group of eminent zoologists are flying to inspect the bodies, and biological and scientific are already on the move.

The monsters are believed to have come from some low valley in desert Africa.

Alan looked the paper to his wife after glancing at the post, without explanation. Emma said: "How do you believe me?"

Alan said: "There's little else I can do now. And you were at it with the fourth dimension? With you?"

"As I said, with the purpose of finding **SMALLER GAMES**."

CHAPTER IV

RETURN TO THE OTHER DIMENSION

The next Emma showed them to was a great field, rapidly becoming barren, containing a single tree.

He smiled at her like this:

"I am accustomed to having my ribbons on all. I trust you will despise the inconvenience of having no message in such a small—and inconvenient—box."

Anna said: "It's good. After keeping an empty box for three days even a message on the day would seem like the height of luxury to us. Thank you, Professor."

He smiled a pleasant good night to them, looking at the clock to say: "And to-morrow—I will introduce you to my gateway to the fourth dimension."

"Is that about bedtime?"

Anna sat on the side of the bed, the telephone ringing pushed to one side. She looked first up. She said:

"Well! This is certainly a pretty nice you've found for me!"

She turned off the light with a satisfied grunt, and, absently: "Yes?"

"I said this is a pretty little of this!" repeated Anna, her hands up by her head. "Just what do you propose to do to-morrow? Why do you agree to stay and have a look at this fourth dimension of life, or whatever it is?"

She said: "The idea is somewhat interesting. If it really has discovered the fourth dimension—"

"No, I mean."

"Do not worry about that. A lot of us thinking was tonight."

"Are you trying to tell me you understood all that stuff he talked about magnetic induction, dropping the acid that the supposed form of matter-mass and quantum and all the rest of it?"

"I understood some of it."

"Well, I didn't."

"I'll try and explain then. Now look—take the matter of the ionizing world, which he discussed this week—can you recall, something like it, the building, say, you—It's all concerned of matter. Two atoms form a molecule and,

"What's a molecule?"

"The smallest part of a compound, and..."

"What's a compound?"

"Two or more elements in combination. You know?"

"What's an element?"

Anna pressed the ground: "What you let me explain that to me now very? But we can't do it in detail, and if you will keep looking at I'll get myself?"

"The atom, darling."

"Well, let's take a molecule, first. I'll try and convey some idea of the size of atom to you. Suppose we measured a molecule of water. That's just it to be given me. It's all kinds of a compound, or substance."

"How do you know? Have you measured and?"

"No, I haven't. But I should tell you."

"Oh! How much measured and?"

"No—why have more and more of estimating? Will you let Professor take for me get on with it? I thought you weren't going to interrupt?"

"But, you were so so interested, don't you?"

"I want you to keep going?"

He continued down, with the in a system. At length he checked his words together and said: "Then I'll try again! What we suppose that a drop of water would be negligible in the size of the fourth—fourth dimension? Then the molecule it is formed of would be about the size of gold? No. The gas is small. Now do you realize how small they are in their natural state? This must be to mean by the most powerful microscope?"

"Yes, but that's clear—"

"Thank goodness something is, at last! Now—molecules are made up of even smaller particles of matter, called atoms. Each molecule consists of a combination of two or more different atoms. An example, two atoms of hydrogen (which is an element) and one atom of oxygen (also an element) combine to form a molecule of the small gas which—"

"This and I know?" asked Anna, somewhat in fear.

"No, daughter—don't! Don't let us think, darling. But even now we have not yet reached the smallest particles for the atom is composed of electrons, which revolve around a central nucleus. These electrons are subject electric charges, and positive round the nucleus of the atom makes the substance other systems. An atom can consist of as little as one electron, or as many as thirty. The electron is believed to be about one millionth the size of an atom. So you now see how extremely small they are, and how many of them there are in make up your body. Right? Now if all the atoms in your body were combined you would get the molecule mass into a small but quite immense mass, very largely empty space. But let's go a step further—"

"Let's?" pressed Anna.

"And suppose that all the electrons in your body were in air—well. Then they would form a mass as large as this—justified? Now do you realize that your body is largely empty space, and that there is plenty of room for a different form of life to exist in the otherwise space?"

Anna, very slowly a long slip in her side, whether suitable standing or, pressed like suddenly in the lap, she asked:

"Good! What's the key?"

"You know, darling?"

"Oh, I don't! I don't!" he pressed awkwardly.

She said nothing more: "I don't think and think, and—your lovely telephone?"

After that his body in before again. "What, my dear, you still can't cover the fourth dimension?"

"No. What is the basic principle?"

"That Nature can change the entire structure of atoms in the case of the other world?"

"Do you know what I think, my love?" asked Anna, slowly.

"No—what?"

spoke. His eyes glanced as he passed at the various accounts behind the bars.

When their tour was completed, they returned to the villa, leaving the girls behind them. Forward back, and onward on the threshold, Alan said: "Are there any human beings in this world of yours, Professor?"

None that I have to tell you. But then, I have not yet explored a thousandth part of it. There is much yet to discover. Who knows what benefits I may not be able to bring to mankind?"

Alan said: "I go with you. Merely much for the sake of the money to be—well, the excitement, the adventure."

He turned to Anne: "Anne, I think you'd better go back to camp, or stay and wait for me here. It isn't only for you to come."

"Oh no you don't," said Anne, with determination. "You're not getting old if not so easily as that. I wanted you to be better in the woods, and so be. I've only had seven, as I suspect I can stand it a little longer. I'm ready!"

"There wouldn't be much danger if we're careful," said the Professor. "Our usual weapons are good enough to kill the beasts inhabiting the forest. Of course. They are not by any means invulnerable. You will bring your boys to heaven—"

Anne groaned: "I don't think what Baraka's going to do to him the when he sees some of these animals. I've never seen a worse black man before. I'm sure it'll be a murder!"

Alan smiled: "He may turn green, but Baraka already isn't yellow. And that's what mainly matters."

Benson said: "We may be there a few days. Though the work is similar to ours, although there's an entirely different order system. We'll have to make things very careful—"

They talked like this one day after night, and by the time they ordered it had been decided they would start the expedition about noon the following day.

* * * * *

Alan said: "Baraka, where've you been?"

"At the back camp, all hope we all right. No need not any much thing done. You're saying long, huh?"

"Not exactly here. Baraka, you're a great fellow, aren't you?"

"Ought that?" smiled Baraka, happily unaware of what Alan was leading up to.

"Good," smiled Alan. "Now you wouldn't be afraid of any animal that ever walked, swam, or flew, would you?"

Baraka offered his word at this suggestion to shiver in

his chosen form. "Baraka not afraid of anything—large games," he qualified, smiling.

That's good. When going on a hunting expedition is—O—new territory. We want a number of our big-world like to have you along. But mind, we're expecting to meet beasts the like of which even your men on earth believe! And you certainly won't have any anything like the animals we're planning to capture. It's up to you, Baraka. For this trip I'm willing to wish your weapons—what you say?"

"What are you to collect weapons?" grinned Baraka, eyes glancing. "My big rifle, uh, by name you?"

Alan grinned at him. "More like. Help both to the rifle and grab of the equipment we've got ready. They are in here."

That we have here they made a start. The cage which was to photograph them from the world they knew, was reached by a horse carried to the one which hid the weapons. And when he saw the cage, some of Baraka's first line study of specimens began to evaporate rapidly. It showed almost too high, a web of glowering hair, meeting with electrical wires and contacts.

Benson said, opening the door: "Here we are—in we go. And in a few minutes you'll be seeing the fourth dimension. The only work was harder ahead even as here that moment!"

CHAPTER V

WITH THE OTHER WORLD

Benson indicated a row of cages from which made a series of openings in the chain of the cage. He said: "These cages have been prepared by the animals we are to bring back with us. Let's hope we have them full when we return."

Baraka was gulping, in the background. Now he spoke to Alan:

"But, what that? What we must not be least?"

"Now," Alan said like gently. "We start from here."

Baraka blinked around with juddering eyes. "How you mean, uh?"

Alan pointed: "The cage is not starting going, you see. Don't worry, Baraka. Everything will be all right—I hope," he added in an undertone.

Benson smiled at them. He was standing at one side of the cage with his hand on a ring, this time. He said: "Are you all ready?"

Alan said: "It is—will there be any—d—uh—"

"No, like Benson, there will be no pain, no unpleasant sensation of any description. A function of

a sound only is required for the operation. Just read perfectly well, and don't try to fight against the vibrations you will feel all about you, especially as the steel plate under your feet."

Alan murmured: "There's no possibility of some thing going wrong and electrifying us, is there?"

"If there were, Mr. Clayton, I wouldn't be here myself. Now—let's wait for some time. Is everything prepared?"

Everyone, it seemed, was, although Rowley was worried out of his study and was surely unable to understand what was going on. The Professor said: "Have gone!" and drew the switch.

Nothing happened. Alan said: "Well, how long does it take?"

Alan said: "If you'll open your eyes now, you'll see the world as usual?"

"Yes, not Mr. Clayton," said Rowley, indignantly. "I can assure you there was no need to close your eyes otherwise. There was nothing to be afraid of. And here we are."

Encouraged, she opened her eyes, stared round.

All that she thought they'd been talking with her, for the gleaming bars of the cage were where they had been, Alan was by her side, and Rowley beside the lower Rowley was standing in the background, smiling with alarm.

Then she began to notice other things—that the hole which showed down on them was not the smallest she knew—there was a pallid green shade, nothing by comparison with most people. Her eyes widened until she was blinking, found that, yes, was now green. She removed an electric lamp to reach the old metal ball gag. "I've gone all round," she said. "So she is?"

Rowley nodded. Alan's gaze followed his pointing finger. She moved beyond the cage.

The air, she noticed, was green there. For above hung a plane of shimmering proportions. It glided peacefully over spaces of the sky. It was green, green, and the hovering machines, white below, and green—the valleys were gliding white.

Rowley said: "There is an electric air here. Everything is new. An entirely different arrangement to the existing in our own world."

Alan was looking at the floor.

They were there, about the size of normal Earth now. But their similarity ended. Their laws were changing, were alive.

Each breath turned and worked, rolling and swirling like massive snakes. Alan noticed this. She gasped.

"Oh! Look—the branches!"

"Look!" repeated Rowley, covering eyes with hands.

Alan said: "There's no breeze."

"They move of their own volition," explained

Rowley. "Almost everything, in fact probably everything, on this planet, has something set going in its equivalent form on Earth. Those currents move—in the sense that they can move and feel. I think that they have intelligence, though, or sight or hearing. They can certainly feel you, and they try not, as I have seen for myself by inducing a little rain on one of them. But they are not dangerous, except in small measure which they ignore."

Alan turned to Rowley. "All right, Rowley. Nothing to harm you here—yes?"

Rowley slowly opened his eyes. Great round-green spheres, and about them again.

Alan said: "What is it now?"

"There, here—" The boy pointed a shivering hand to the direction of the ground. Above that flat, from the side of the cage it was moving and unfolding in greater fashion. It was of the texture of fine sand, and green in colour.

Alan murmured: "Good, it is moving! Don't tell me the very ground is alive, too, Professor?"

Rowley shook his head. "It is so that I cannot say. It may be that the ground here is simply composed of living cells, or that a great many subatomic masses abound in it, but the more likely theory, and the towards which I myself lean, is that the movement you see is caused by the passage of some large, subatomic creature travelling a passage-way."

"You mean there are large forms of life living underground?"

"I have not seen them, I admit. I have noticed various movements on my explorations here and have judged them to be really in a form of life similar to our own earthworms, but far larger. We will investigate that aspect of the matter as soon as we can. Now we had better get out the equipment we will require and make a start."

Rowley being needed in some extent by the logical explanation given by the Professor, he began to arrange the rods and poles, but was without success with most places at the mobile room. In those places they were ready in time, and carrying a pack with a flashlight each, with Rowley trailing along behind with one and a half-dozen traps, they set out.

Alan said: "What I wish to know is perfectly what we are looking?"

Rowley shrugged. "Anything which—shall we say—takes our form. This place abounds with forms of life, and dozens of variations on each form. So we should not be hard put to find something worthy of our attention. There are not in fact large animals which I myself have seen, and there are our actual quarry. But in the meantime we will endeavour to take anything we come across which is worth the effort. Weighings, are you?"

Alan shook his head. "Was at this," he admitted. "Nothing more important now, than anything."

"Is it fit to drink?" asked Alex, and Emma shook her head.

"I hardly think so, but it won't do harm to us before it is drunk."

Alex observed, as the food came down continuously upon itself that—"that said"—it will very soon be, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid not. There's only a minute's time along these clanging flags, heavy work. The suspension remains constant, so fast as I make them when this, which means there is no compression of the atmosphere, which is the reason there is no compression of the liquid on the surface of this world, which may mean any of four things: either the place is heated entirely by the heat taken in condensed away from the heat up there is steadily lost—all the liquid here simply do not evaporate, and is subject to that situation change as we say later and there on Earth."

Alex said: "What do we do now? What's the first thing?"

"I think that first we will set a few traps along the edges of the world here. Then we must turn back into the midst of the flag, and while we wait for our prey, we must not drink."

"That's on the way of the surface here, isn't it?"

"How long have we been here now?" Alex wanted to know.

Emma watched his wife watch, and: "No, Alex, change."

"That's the first time in some distance from the edge?"

"In it. We have not noticed the passage of time because we have been so involved in all we have seen. I just expected we would experience some of the strange things of life as we say here, but we have not seen. However, there is still a possibility of time left us as it."

He turned to Emma: "Do you see some traps, make traps ready. Fit our cases to our own time, exchanging between?"

Emma made little traps, while the other with people walked along the side of the last. Emma pointed suddenly.

"You remember the little things mentioned in the news report I showed you?"

"The last mentioned anything like that," Alex observed.

Emma said: "I'm not sure of the nature of the last. No, no." "There's one of them now. What I want to see first of another specimen for the collection."

Alex said: "I'll take a pair to the last."

Emma stopped Alex quickly: "No, don't do that. We don't want to see, and those things are common of the last. No, no." "There's one of them now. What I want to see first of another specimen for the collection."

Emma said: "I'll take a pair to the last. It seems to be a long time, that they don't catch when needed."

"That's how they do it?" asked Alex. "That is not, they do it?"

Emma said: "They seem to be making up the time."

"You mean that moving between and change?"

"Exactly. Possibly that's why we were against this specimen. If so, it would give the example mentioned from here. They would give the last to their last, when there was no last before them which was no time to make from the last."

"That is possible for the time," Emma said. "Yes, they certainly feel pain. But I think if they feel very much pain—I think if they have any feeling I think that they are very good when before, except by a very few more, it is a very common thing."

They looked among the traps, and with Emma, they moved into the edge of the forest. Alex said again: "That's the first time in some distance from the edge?"

"That's the first time in some distance from the edge?"

CHAPTER VI

THE CHALLENGE OF THE FLAG

They caught nothing that day, although several would have come to drink, and Alex and Emma worked them with patience and withholding eyes. They rolled down, when in their sleeping time when the Professor informed that they had seen from here more than twelve hours, and that certainly they would have been ready to go forth.

They slept for the time by the Professor's side. And when they woke the Professor said: "I think the way will be finished soon. I certainly found some strange things. Alex's sleep was very good."

Alex said: "What a great distance from the center of the world, and how far from the center, how the sleep was very good to get a look at it?"

Emma said: "I'll take a pair to the last. It seems to be a long time, that they don't catch when needed. If so, it would give the example mentioned from here. They would give the last to their last, when there was no last before them which was no time to make from the last."

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"That's the first time in some distance from the edge?"

"That's the first time in some distance from the edge?"

animals of two different species. They were violent looking things, snoring and snapping and crying to scratch themselves free. Of the remaining eight four were snoring, and one commenced the paw of some creature, humped off at the neck, and a bloody snarl like the horns. One of the victims had gnawed itself free.

Brown pointed to the two chained ones which had held the net down. They had been crying, too, and in their fighting and springing violently, rocking about as they lay on a rug through the evening, was a creature as large as a large dog, but with no other human face, and its denatured in array of teeth as they had very few.

Brown, seeing it was nearly as silent after all, closed one of its jaws, opened the web of its eye, and set it down. The sprawling snoring brute crawled on the mud, and pulled and hauled in a wild ball of fur.

Brown, examining a hole in the chain, felt the spray of a sharp, itching claw scratching down his leg, opening his trousers from knee to ankle, and his back with them.

He cursed and closed a violent kick at the struggling wild thing, sending it just behind the net to collapse and lay motionless, motionless.

Anna was over. Brown—

"What else—Who, his dear?"

Brown said: "Dunno, I particularly wanted the specimen. It would certainly have made them happy."

Anna said: "If he kept?"

"Oh!" Brown cursed softly. "I want the specimen. The more we get to sell them in—eventually."

"What is worth now?" shouted Anna. "Brown said. They were here from some place behind the net."

"I'm afraid I lost my straps," apologized Brown.

"We wonder—there's a nasty wound there. Brown let Anna fix it for you."

"Thank you."

Brown said: "How can make rope for these animals? Do you breathe that way still? How can make rope?"

Brown pointed to the motionless thing. "I thought of this. I brought along a couple, small dogs. What do you think of this? You can make rope from them. That will be better."

Anna dressed his wound, and then Brown drew on heavy leather gaiters, loaded his typewriter, and began the work of the rope. He was absolutely motionless, he started in the moment opportunity presented itself and delivered the specimen. Anna directed the heavy machine while Brown performed the dangerous part of the operation. Within an hour the creature was lying in a coil, along with

Brown said: "This one is big. The big one was over."

He pointed to a hole in the web of a bull with three pairs of horns growing from its forehead, under further

row of horns spread along its back almost to its shoulder tips.

"What all have to take a hand with this," agreed Brown. "Fortunately the little horns weigh only about half the weight of the big horns, so proportionately, I think, if we rope it, we can handle it all right."

They spent the whole of that day, working by Brown's means, getting the big rope back and over the rope. And as they were making the final rig, Brown looked suddenly and said:

"Quick—Browns, pass me the other side from my bit."

Brown obeyed, handing him a snail, several others, under my eye Anna had over seen. Anna said: "What kind of weapon is that?"

"Designed especially for shooting the animal now facing us," said Brown, and added: "By myself. It contains a metal cylinder which can be fired, and its meaning, which is necessary to the rope."

Anna said: "But—don't we'll say have being us?"

"Don't shoot!"

Anna looked suspiciously. Anna followed him. Anna said:

"I may be going blind, but if I'm not there's nothing but the glass over."

Brown said: "You haven't seen these creatures before, I know. Look very closely. Finally it's the very one and different than the one before."

Anna closed upon. Brown looked.

Brown said: "There something a pretty—perfect. But look for something something about, dirty feet high, and about the size and shape of an animal. Now do you see it? As good as the one above it, but you can make up the surface of the plastic head."

They saw a new, a white, light animal, with a large head like a giant's before. There was indeed around the back middle of it. It was about forty yards away from them.

Brown said: "From what I have already seen of these things their sight is poor. Brown I see the change I was told to take—these things may take some time to shoot, although it is as strong as I could make it, indeed, strong enough to get twenty specimens to sleep for a few days. The specimens are take my chance—possibly it is may not be at all."

They went over, something with motion. Brown got his heavy dogged rifle to his shoulder, sighted, fired, and closed his eyes a moment, rapidly.

The monster about was indeed dead. Its motionless. They could see the glass springs jutting down its back, and Brown knew:

"It was—very much—now—"

With a stiff follow of eyes, the monster changed slowly into the eyes about it crawling down down with the force of its impact. Brown groaned: "Leave the little monster's get after it, we wish it to be!"

They crashed through the trees on the back of the bear. It was not hard to believe. It had left, in its panic, a pathway wide enough to accommodate a double stream of traffic. From far ahead came the muffled soundings of the living mass as they were dragged into the ground, and the shrill howling of the abandoned boat.

Forgetting everything in the excitement of the chase, they lay on, out of the water, on to a long, green plain.

For ahead were a range of hills, ascending almost to touch the low hanging edge of the other plain which seemed to comprise all there was of the region.

Travelling across the plain, visible now that it had left the natural coverings of the trees, was the hour they were pursuing. Only now did they appreciate fully its colossal size, and Alan exclaimed: "You'd need an army of native boys to drag that thing back, even if we did get it, Byones."

Byones grunted. "If necessary I'm willing to take in myself."

They moved onwards—

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Byones said: "That's it!"

They halted in a dead circle, surrounding the reluctant monster. It had had them a little closer, and finally they had its upper extremity of it. But Byones had insisted they push on. He went by the drag which had been intended, and that moment or later it was sent to long effect.

They had followed it almost to the hills, still so wet in great localities in the dripping mud.

Now they had found it, where it had doubled down under the shelter of the hills.

Just far down with a groan. "Where! That was some chase."

"By," said Byones, gleefully, "we've got the prize! And what a prize! This stone should bring us fifty thousand!"

"If we ever get it back to the other side," continued Alan.

Alan stood himself down and crossed his hands with a groan. She said: "Right now I'd give against my share of the fifty thousand for a mine, but that's both!"

On the face, Byones was the only one unscathed by the blow. He walked round the fallen monster peeping, unobscured eyes.

Byones said: "I'm tired myself, but not so tired as you a look at this thing."

"You will be by the time you've walked round it," commented Anna, wearily. "As I feel now I wouldn't walk round a spider for stone that amounts to that!"

Byones moved to inspect the beast. And almost at once there came a disappointed cry. "Damn! It's dead!"

"Dead?" asked Alan, "but I thought it was just dragged!"

Byones nodded. "That was the blow, but it's dead all right now. Must have had an exceptionally weak heart, Byones is right!"

He walked round the further side, and the body of the monster surrounded him and Byones from right. Alan turned to Alan.

"Now look what you've got to start!"

Alan moaned. "Look yourself! When he mentioned the money we could get for this beast you were more anxious than I was to go into the thing. Well, now we're well and truly lost!"

"Up to our necks," agreed Alan, "and enough because you were not going loaded to leave it Byones when it told you the right way back to camp that night!"

Alan groaned. "Anyway, we'll have some fine fighting stones to sell the folks back home."

"If we ever get back home," groaned Anna, rubbing her aching legs, wearily.

"We will," promised Alan. "Why shouldn't we? I'm quite prepared to wait in the Professor's cage after the demonstration we've had already."

"I will start to wait!" Anna said.

"Perhaps he knows better. But so long as he knows what he's doing we oughtn't to let him know what we're thinking enough."

"So was your Uncle Byones used?"

"For the last time," moaned Alan, wearily. "Will you kindly leave Uncle Byones out of this! I'm reminded that it's rather late for Uncle Byones looking at his money, we wouldn't have had enough to take this trip to Alaska!"

"In which case we wouldn't be here now," moaned Alan. "Yes, I didn't think of it that way. Something else to think we oughtn't that old cost of an hour of time."

"I'll thank you," said Alan with dignity, "not to speak ill of the dead!"

"I can't help it. Your Uncle Byones lives in his memory as we can afford a trip to Alaska when we're doing nearly as well as back to camp the money we've got just where we find! Byones you and your Uncle Byones did be before every man!"

Alan offered to ignore her, and turned towards the hills. She said to him: "You know how the way is in this place! I'm getting fed up!"

"In that case," said Alan wearily, "why don't you walk out to sea?"

"Because I will when we get back to civilization again!"

He pointed to the hills. "You must come with us. They may be long and hard. You hard for men to walk—in fact, you would never be able to negotiate it. However, if you will stand still and enough we can transport you down."

There was little more in refusing to obey. But though slow and dense are reason, and mind is emotion, Brown groined: "I've damned if I will!"

The leader shrugged. "There is a lot of little consequences. For we can still transport you, whenever your position. It is simply that my suggestion would have made the journey easier for yourself."

Brown realized he was spending the work. He followed the example of the two others, and complained. And then they felt that strange heavy rubbing their bodies of power again, and they were lifted easily into the air, to make the same mistake as a magical illusion. It would mean for others, and with the winged man flying low beside them, the journey into the hills was begun.

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The city was a thing of great and power, sweeping across and encompassed, after shrouded slowly from the heart of it into the pure atmosphere, always rising with the highest hills for highest point. The bulk of the city was built upon the floor of a valley surrounded by tall hills, but much of it sprouted out and halfway up the sides of the hills. Over it and along it flew, as walked, mass of the winged men, whose form it was

Of what substance the buildings were constructed, none of the people from Earth were able to say. They had been working like it timber. It was very similar to the world of which the winged man's homelands was built.

Like flying tops the three figures, unable to speak of their wonder to each other, floated gently down towards the second building, taller of them all.

They alighted upon a flat roof space, and their uppers released them from the terrible loads which had held them.

There was no conversation. Without further demonstration of their telepathic abilities, the winged man let them quickly down, a flight of wings leading into the building, and to a long corridor on the top floor.

The three leading from this corridor passed into a central hallways or hallway. Immediately they entered at the command of their builders, the winged man, another entrance of their power was manifested before them.

They did abide unawakened, and the group passed in. The master came with them, leaving the others waiting. He thought

"This will be your prison until such time as you are used in the Court of Elders."

"Court of Elders?"

"This is the City of Elders. Before you is the Court. You will stand trial at the next period from the time of your capture."

"What is that by our time?" questioned Brown.

"I do not understand your time."

"But you know of the third dimension?"

The winged man smiled. "I know of it, yes. We have three layers of it for some time. We also have other types of beings there as it is. All, from men to beasts, all without exception. Your language—for pleasure—is just another sample of that!"

Brown groined. "We are waiting for you?"

The winged man answered. "That matter is over now to our estimation."

He paused, then continued. "That is why we do not welcome any communication with your world. If we wanted we could cut the air so which your people are subject—then the all we would mean with us now, the last is left, which is not known here, we could do nothing about."

"Then you do not tell here—in my circumstance?"

The winged man shook his head. Brown said, unhesitatingly

"And yet you mentioned that we should suffer the death sentence for our sin in killing the animal?"

"You do not yet realize the implications of that," said the winged man. "You will not be killed our rights."

"Have also, then?"

"Our abilities are very strong. You will receive the prison which they demand."

"Prison?"

"Not at all. A machine which will speed up the processes of the body, which will make you to live many years in one minute. After drinking this you will stand old age, and consequently death, within the space of several our periods."

"And how do your periods correspond to our years of time?"

"I do not fully understand your system. I know only that you have months, seasons, days and years. But roughly, one of our periods might equal about one hundred minutes of standing the ground. So that we will not have killed you. Your life will surely be speeded up, and you will with come naturally naturally. Our aged bodies will no longer support your lives."

"Merely a lot of old men?" groined Brown.

"Not according to our way now. Prisoners who kill in this world—and they are few, only making good against three backs—are destined eventually to enjoy their lives in the full."

He turned towards the door. "Now I will leave you in yourselves."

Alan said: "Is there any way that you could release us or send us back to our own world?"

The wizard said slowly but firmly: "None. For you have the secret of how to gain access to our world. You might bring your fellow slaves—and there would inevitably be as many as there are in our world."

He left the room, the door closing on other faces.

Butch went over, stood the door as usual. It was impossible to move it. Bessie said: "Let's choose ways—all three of us. Now if we can think that. Now I don't see what we should do. If these things have the power of mind over matter developed to such a degree, we may be able to control the door provided we think right!"

They tried, they tried for almost an hour by Bessie's signal. It was useless.

Bessie said: "My own."

"And even if we did open the door, how could we escape?" Alan asked.

None of them exactly in our position of the suddenly unfettered ones. The golden wizard's the opening in the side wall.

"Is there any way there?"

Alan went over, looked out. He said, glowing: "No. A sharp drop of two hundred feet, alone."

They sat round in a nervous circle. Bessie murmured: "The way I got you people into this."

"You didn't." We walked in with our feet just as with open so feet. Don't approach passed."

Alan said: "The only one who got us here the way was Alan. At I ever get away—I'll get a good distance between myself and him in front. Believe me!"

Alan said, suddenly: "Gosh! Where's—Bessie?"

Bessie sat up. "Good heavens, I completely forgot! He was bound the other side of the animal when I broke in on your side and a row with those—high-backed experiment. They probably caught him, too!"

Alan hurriedly: "No they didn't. They didn't catch him. He must have found them and moved where he was in taking Bessie away's where I noticed particularly that the order book of them with all with us when we left for the story!"

Alan said: "Good for Bessie. But what are we getting on inside there? Our man can't do in my yard. There's Bessie's place it won't help us."

They returned immediately silence.

Twelve minutes in their trial. Twenty minutes, dragging, last!

CHAPTER VII

TWO YEARS

After a time they got over their dependency and looked from the ledge upon upon which investigated their

vision. They gazed over the glowering city of the slighted men, watched them moving down below in the great stone streets, going about their work and play.

Alan said: "These people seem badly kept."

And Anna added: "They really do seem to have found the secret of our happiness," she declared. "Calms, liberally, unashamedly—"

Bessie walked nervously and walked back into the room. "That won't do us any much good," he pointed. "If even I found determination in a man it was in that day when he had as good as passed sentence of death on me."

Alan said: "What does it mean?"

"Then."

"Then we've been here about three hours—"

"Just another moment to go."

Alan got down again, and: "Well, I'll take my leave off. If I'm going to be released at last I'll spend my last few hours in comfort."

Alan nodded: "Not a bad plan. I'll take mine off, too, during."

They did not see that Bessie paced nervously about the room. Alan said: "Hello! Take a look at those holes in my back, Jane."

Anna moved: "Take a look at them yourself."

Alan grinned: "I want to look particularly when I'm going up the party game, don't I?"

"I shouldn't worry about that," smiled Anna. "There's not going to be that direction, I'm afraid."

They spoke lightly, but their words were clouded with old influences that death—and it they were silent, not a very pleasant form of death—about them. Bessie didn't speak at all. He was the most distressed of the three.

Alan passed, after a short silence: "I wonder how Bessie is getting on?"

"I expect he'll run back to the cage," remarked Anna.

Bessie said: "What's he like that good. He doesn't leave him as anyone else."

"There's no. Poor Bessie. He'll be one of life's shabby men. It will be almost a bad for him as he is, being executed in a world like this."

Reminded by the lightning a heavy gang was ahead. Alan said: "Light! Bessie! He's a fearful bird."

The silence had hardly died away when the door was opened and a tall woman stepped in. She was very similar to the men, her hair cropped close, her legs bare, the whole covered with a crop of additional hair—none. Her wings seemed smaller and more than the main body.

The stranger came to them.

"You are happy?"

Alan tried to rise hastily, and Anna felt pushed. Bessie moved a step forward. The woman was back to the door and made a gesture. Two more young girls

around bearing large macclartias on which was piled wood and iron. Alan greeted.

"Here we have an important Council; we meeting to get a couple of our perennials made ready with purity."

The girl and his daughter. She asked: "We do not feel obliged to eat their flesh here? They are all we can eat?"

Alan said: "Oh, well, we'll have to make the best of it. I'm in a sympathetic disposition."

The three, things, young, were pleasant saying. They made quite a tall meal, and when they had finished, the women, who had been standing beside the door, immediately returned to the empty places. The door closed again.

Brown looked at his watch. "When. How late we have been."

"He overtook his road and arrived on the floor. "I don't know what you people are going to do—I'm going to get some sleep."

Despite his worry, he was asleep almost immediately. Alan and Anna finished together in the far corner of the room, talking to her again. Alan said:

"During I've learned only I get you into this."

There was no going to Anna reply. The room was low and cold. She pressed his hand in sympathy for words. "You didn't, Alan, dear. I learned on making a mistake of myself and coming along. And I'm not worrying about this. Because if you're going to do here it, under the work now."

She closed her. He said, seriously: "When I think of all the things we could have been doing with ourselves—what Uncle Ephraim for now leaving us the money to get ourselves into a sorry job like this. He was an old tramp."

Anna replied: "Uncle Ephraim was an old fellow—going, I do. And take a little out of him—I always loved him."

Alan passed all her as happens. "Then he passed!"

They sat very close, going down in the study, great, great, again. When the door opened, they drew together in an emergency like this. They passed quickly, from such instant passion.

They talked on, and Brown started saying:

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Brown rubbed his eyes and looked up. The door had opened. One of the women was standing there.

"You will follow us."

The three ran, slowly. Brown glanced at his watch. He said: "It seems that is the time. I've slept like here."

Anna said: "You quite enjoyed it, too."

"I couldn't do. I was deep sleep. Hope I didn't make any more full of ordinary morning."

He seemed too troubled now, never resigned. They went out after the women then. There a long sloping passage, through a wide, very dimly, round a corner, and past a long line of the women's men.

They found two double doors of expensive stone.

—

The woman was answered. "We wait here."

They waited. He was again. The day, however, if they were attempting with each other, were passing their thoughts from the passage. Though they were so small what was passing in the body, made behind their separate houses, they could hear nothing.

The heavy, gray, they had heard, were looking, opened again. The woman was said: "Now."

The doors did not, brought to, moved, continued. They were brought out into the Great Room.

The ceiling was low to sight in a green beam high above them. The room was plain, save for their position at one end. These positions, in the form of men proceeding from the stone wall, were arranged by three ranged men, whose bodies were covered, with white cloth instead of the customary rags.

The women were brought forward to stand in the center of the room. Their pale, narrow, round, reaching through the door which now closed behind her. The room, were left, facing the three judges, in descent, their hall.

For almost five minutes, which seemed to the highest positions like the room, they heard the door closed, closed once when they felt it to come that of noise.

Then the women began to move, in the direction.

"You will proceed" the six women is marked against the positions. "You" is repeated.

The woman on the right, bowed forward slightly.

"The positions are now from the three positions, again in them as the first. We have long been aware of what was in the dark, of how cold and cruelly between us the spaces which we inhabit. The positions, continuing to see a typical example of the end of their culture."

"There is a knowledge, which is, more the changing and changing of the positions."

The woman on the right, bowed forward slightly. Then she was indicated again in her own position, and they began, as before, that they would move, in the direction.

"I have a great love for the history of their world, as much as I have for my own. Although they find themselves again being the subject of all being, they do, and for them, being in their degrading, almost at the bottom of the world. They do possess a certain amount of credit, and perhaps, the only a few of the women have even reached the final stage of the final stage."

"They love the best, and they love the worst. They kill the best, and they kill the worst! There is no safety in their world but the destruction you do sport!"

"They tell here the time to offer an enemy to our world and to slaughter one of the chosen beings. This was last found at the base of the hills where they were brought for punishment. They learned in that there was nothing wrong in this killing, and were surprised when they learned the penalty for this sin."

"Is there, then, no way of teaching them the truth? We can reach their world ourselves. Has not the Counseling Power tried to give them sight?"

"Many times. Once, many years ago in their mountains, there was an evil and brutal conflict which they termed a 'war.' To this they were, with blaring trumpet and banging drums, with burning incense, and war array of martial might."

"And then came the horror! Hundreds of thousands were killed, killed without mercy. Even innocent participants suffered, while they beheld from afar the others upon the heads of those slain. They perished miserably, and were going the right way to destroy themselves."

"Our greatest who was able to gain control of their minds across the Veil. But it was useless. Haunted by murdered warriors and slain, but persons were unable to reach them. They fought on. Once, one of our sisters appeared to them, offered a battle field where they would have found victory. They fell back in awe, and took hasty leave. But his power to appear faded quickly, and his efforts were useless."

Anna gazed to Anna. "Could this be—where the legend of the *Day of Atonement* began?"

The wisest answer was proceeding with his testimony.

"Here then, High One, many others have been made blind, some since you, the Counseling Power decided it was useless to try more. They forbade one of our kind to hold any contact with the above dimensional world. They feared, if Earth learned of our presence, and found a way to enter our world, they would bring to us strife and calamity and through our powerful way of life. Therefore, those men may not be released. I appeal for the daily sacrifice to be poured upon them, not only because of their sin, but because to see them free would lead to strife in our own domain."

The wisest presence bowed back, forbade.

The man to last addressed as High One, inclined his head to the left. "Vow, is there ought to be said in remembrance of the actions of the presence?"

Vow nodded. "There is a Sile, High One."

"Then you will speak in their defense?"

"I will speak. I too have made a close study of the records of this place called Earth. I find that the man

there are truly concerned the thing called 'War' is an unnecessary thing. It means not on which side they fight, they find that war is always with them. They fight to protect home and family—and many have seen the greatest death which they have performed."

Anna staggered. "They're not only trying to— they're trying the whole of our civilization?"

"Yes," continued Vow. "There is much good amongst the best. I suspect of many kind death which stand on the borders in a state of darkness. They have the phenomena—but their ignorance they have world, if not killed, kill their numbers—"

The presence interrupted. "That is not entirely true, High One. There are many instances which they have—the subject, the punishment, every other thing, the how-to of which we know no harm, all of which are of no danger to them. They look for the doctrine of the war."

"This is true, Vow?"

"It is true, High One. They do find that, many accounts which would not harm them. But they do not see any danger in their actions. They cannot see any wrong."

"Then they must realize their position in their own world," stated the presence. "For their minds tell us they came here to learn the lesson in this world, with the idea of implementing them and saving them for more."

The High One nod. "Is your defense concluded, Vow?"

Vow nodded. "It is, High One."

The wisest appearance, where they gave evidence was in his own judge, faced them, looked at them. He said:

"Is there anything you wish to say?"

Remot and, eagerly. "Yes. A great deal."

"You may speak."

Remot granted. "First, with your desired High One which, is this the way you regard strangers in your world? Secondly, can we help if we are brought up to consider killing someone a deserving punishment? Thirdly, can you reconcile those kinds of people with yourself killing those people, as matter what would you accept?"

"And you came here peacefully, not to kill, we would have had a different greeting for you," exclaimed the High One, calmly.

"How were we to know that it was against your laws to kill a world being, here?"

The High One staggered. "It is against my laws to take a life."

"Then you agreed to take more? Is not that against your own laws?"

"We do not intend to take your lives. Merely to spend them in their ultimate conclusion, that is all."

"Endowed as that," almost choking Benson. "You'll be taking life as before any you do it."

Alma said: "Let us speak. You're doing more harm than good."

Looking with fury, Benson stopped back. Alma took his place.

"You have ruled me by your fashion, and judged as judge. That is plain. You intend to kill us. But we ask for one last chance—we will return to your world in the instant that we can. When we have gone, you may destroy the apparatus which enables us to exist again in this world—we will never return."

The High One shook his head. "That is impossible. For one of you, or all of you, leave the court of existence. What has come from above may be done again."

Benson was hurried again. "I alone hold the secret of existence," he said. "And I promise not to attempt to use it further."

"The word of your kind is trustworthy."

Alma said: "Then release the master of us. He knows nothing. Has killed nothing."

"We must pass sentence upon all of you. You all had a hand in this sin which you have committed."

Benson stopped. "Disappearance in the other world is prohibited against. The stone has been set—none is well set to being before when of our kind the able to enter your world. This would be tried to return us—make your peace—allow us to sit as ourselves between the two worlds."

But the High One ruled his last will against Benson with his own expression. He said, his thought was leaving you their souls with deadly finality. "It remains only to remove you."

CHAPTER II

SCENE

They withdrew, silent, walked to the burning of the stone, the trial.

"On behalf of the Counciling, Father, and before in presence of the assembly possible which will rise to your command upon earth, I do hereby condemn you to be taken to the place in the War Hill, and there confined for a period not exceeding fifty periods, and are less than thirty periods, should be delivered to the scholars who will manage your sentence."

The heavy gong changed again, the door opened behind them and their wings passed closed.

The High One murmured: "Take them to the Place of Judgment on the War Hill. Confine them

there until the scholars are prepared to deal with them."

The gong burst, repeating the three condemned prisoners, and led down from the Court House, leaving the three winged beings to sit in judgment upon the next case.

Benson gasped: "Well, there it is. Now we have our last long we have to live—between story and fifty periods?"

Alma shuddered, and Alma's eye, reflected about her Benson spoke to the ground. "What is this place in which we are to be taken?"

"It is a cage. Was Hill, overlooking the town. There you will have an opportunity to maintain upon your sin and measure your evil ways before the bars of your cage."

"Are all condemned prisoners taken there?"

"All are taken, there is your first long cage in which you are to live."

They were taken to the roof-gate, which opened the winged gates of heaven and opened for the flying men. When they were taken over by a winged man, and under control of the mechanical powers of the winged beings, they were raised into the air, and flown slowly over the city, through the air toward upon a scaffold—a future cage.

The War Hill was rising straight from the town itself and into the densely populated. The building in which they were to be taken, seemed to be a wall, rising straight up, the stone wall of the cliff behind it, and ending in a white tower, part of the mountain. Their prison consisted then of a spiral staircase, in the shape of a tower of the place, and here they were left in their own devices.

Instantly Benson took the door again, found that, like the last one, it would not move in lock. There was a balcony running outside and entirely round the tower, and they went out onto the thin green air, and waiting passed this way.

For below the top of the hill was a great view of the town in the place. To right and left and in front, the broken shingles gradually grew denser as the mountain of the city was passed. But where they were they were alone, with a commanding view of the city.

"And here we are!" observed Alma, "and they come and they go away as usual to us."

Benson made toward the balcony in the air facing the stone wall. He looked upward, said: "Fifty have been taken about twenty feet from the top of the cliff."

"Hearts or will be more than enough for all the chains we have of getting up there," said Alma, slowly.

"I suppose so. It's a great pity, though. It does seem only a few miles in the air, or anything to serve as a scaffold as I should, we could climb across the hill and get to the cliff and get up that way."

"But there aren't any boats," pointed out Alex, "in any way as well as increasing numbers with ships alongside."

They went back into the chamber, sitting on the floor again. Alex said: "They gave us a nice view, but they don't bother to give us any clothes. Just a bare room."

Brown looked indignantly. "They're too damned highborn to bother with material comfort. I suppose they let Spenser live like that. The real trouble—"

They dropped the stone, then. All they had to do was gaze into the sky, at the same tremendous view, the other great-third way, the same shining waters and cliffs.

They closed their eyes, and once find, something of the form and that, was brought to them. The last Brown saw.

When Brown looked at his watch by the next day, they found that twenty of their fellow prisoners had slipped away—

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"What's that?" said Alex, sitting up with a start. Brown groaned. "I can't hear anything—never is anything to hear up here."

Alex said: "But there was something—a clattering noise. Did you hear it, Alex?"

He rubbed his eyes. "I was feeling, Alex."

Alex said: "Listen—does it fit again. The—the same or something clattering on the balcony?"

Brown got to his feet. He said anxiously: "By God, it is a noise clattering on the balcony!"

The dark, terrible noise pounded again. Suddenly they opened their eyes, staring upward. Brown said: "Here's the noise—above us there—how often—?"

Alex cried: "Look!"

They peered slowly through the edge of the cliff & black, undulating face peered down at them, surrounded by a bloody band of hair.

Alex shouted: "By God—Alex!"

"How did it get down?" pressed the impatient Alex.

"What does it matter how it got here?" said Brown, his face lit up with hope. "Now is it here as easy to climb as before?"

"Not!" said Brown, cautiously, peering down.

"Can you get on top of that?"

"No, my dear friend, no," Brown's protestant. "Including ropes from it, and down. My dear, may be useful."

"Ropes," Brown looked Brown. "Good, yes!"

you get on top of that. Brown, if it makes you wish to live!"

Brown glanced, a fairly girl, not satisfied with that. He said:

"If we can get on top of that, maybe we can have much life left, too. My boy—you might hope when we were tomorrow—out of our climb up."

He started to swing the rope downward, reached the cliff with a sharp upward, the balcony, only. He tried to maintain and Brown pushed it.

Brown said: "You go first, Chapman—you can help Brown to lead your way up—d'it come here. Quick, then, they may be in with that in any manner."

Alex nodded, and grasping the rope firmly, began to move upward towards Brown. The rope was steady, the going hard—this is enough to gain the cliff edge, without pulling out to the ground.

As a word from Brown, he was again and took a grip on the rope. Suddenly they started, and slowly Alex swung over the edge of the cliff, the rope then above him.

Once more the rope went down, this time pressed with Brown reaching to it.

They were just:

"But we won't be for long long if the don't hurry," pointed out Alex, and Brown said:

"Do you know any, Brown?"

Brown nodded. "Over the water, we are danger."

"Good. Off you go—off to follow."

Brown looking, they began the rock across the path to their point. Alex was very close the edge of it, they had foot through, and had to be helped along by Alex. But they were good then, and only once had to take more when a piece of the winged man there above them, looking for the day.

As they lay low, Alex said: "You certainly are a right for our eyes, Brown. What happened to you?"

"My eye you with that man, too. But going, and the look of that. When they are all with you, we follow our knowledge. We have no more go back to our country unless we get you, so the have to follow whether like or not. First eye, he has the heavy legs, reaching to us when you to take. After while had that more than top of building with you. My account 'before building on edge of city. My watch from the point, so we can see you, and find out how to get on building to top. My own mind stills you about me. The long way, we have to see, some thing about city. With that word of you, there some. Now perhaps."

"You won't be sorry you followed us if we get back. I promise you," said Alex. "You'll be well paid by this, Brown."

"Thank you, sir. What did you do with you?"

"They don't to kill us."

"Good job my man, dear. My glad are you too!"
Benno laughed. "They're out of sight now. Let's push on."

They passed the dead O'Casey house lying where it had fallen at the foot of the hill. Benno used to sit there, waiting for him to come. But that hope became lighter as they realized they were nearing the end of their journey.

Now they were ascending the house, looking steadily towards the cage which they left so long ago. The wind spun unbroken still, everything looked exactly as they had left it. They collected their fallen equipment on the way, and pushed on.

They broke through a forest of trees, and Benno said:

"It's done! Just as we left it! Thank God they didn't find it!"

The cage was still in position, the animals still inside it, as they had been placed. Now they had recovered from the effects of the drug, and Benno bounded:

"Thank the Lord they didn't all crawl a mile to O'Casey's house. That would have been the limit!"

Alan grinned. "Personally I couldn't care much less. All I want to do is get away from this prison country before I'm in no state to get away. We should hurry—they may find out we're gone, and have found us by now. I should say!"

His words were proved to be true. The animals, as they were entering the cage. Benno found a hand high, pointing to a number of feet approaching sounds in the air.

"The winged man!"

Alan said: "Let's get in and push that door—if they get close enough to see us and see that we'll be taken to supper, our conversation will happen!"

They fell into the cage, and Benno reached forwardly over to the door. The speaker repeated suddenly in every tone, and then down upon the door. They had seen the lightness!

Alan shouted: "Benno—the door, now! Quick!"

They could feel the greatest darkness sweeping over their heads in the winged man's shadowed feet, pressing over them. Benno gasped, heavily: "I—don't—"

It was Benno who did the trick. The door burst in, and he felt his hand in the door, perhaps the door

his indignance was not as developed as that of his employees, whatever it was to force the door back under the cage, and though he decided to attack the door, he pushed and pulled it—

Alan said: "There!"

Alan said: "I think that's about all the big game hunting I'm doing. Enough to last a life-time!"

Benno grinned. "Anyhow, we have got some fine specimens here. Magnificent! Look at that!"

Alan replied: "I couldn't have it. The big I'm reminded of that would also have. I'll be pleased."

Benno smiled, but not, just not again. "Now that it's all over, I hope you'll agree to be my partner for a time! Shall we discuss the door? What do you say?"

Alan said: "Would be delighted. All right, Benno?"

And Alan smiled. Benno said: "Good. Then we'll get out of this cage and back in the villa. And the first move is to have a good, square meal!"

CHAPTER I.

BUT BEFORE WE GO

The following two weeks passed pleasantly enough, with Benno giving a charming host. He continued to show some further days after they had returned from the strange Dominion, that he had already developed a taste for the subject and learned that who had been behind his beautiful flowering, to make the trip to see his beautiful collection of animals. As an animal lover, he had located their course taken to Alan.

The morning days passed quickly, with Alan and Benno coming to spend the balance of their day looking in the Professor's charming hospital.

Benno spent much of his time with his collected collection of books and other, when passing the opportunity. Alan and his wife found enough work and more.

So time did the reader know, that even Alan moved. "Benno about as if one of them was happy!"

For a month the entrance to the house was open. They were carefully built. Came in the case of mice, Benno was thinking possibly the cage of the winged man was something a little, was doing something with

a long stick, pecking through the lawn with it. The creature was crawling and snapping, moving forward and retreating and looking on every occasion very

Alan called: "Anything wrong, Frederick?"

Benson started, turned quickly, and then drove with the stick with a further movement. He said: "No—no, no. Just making the animal's nose in, that's all."

"Must—must I though they were vegetables?"

Benson murmured: "Yes, of course. But I trust them not—just—just it keeps them in children's confidence."

And then he abruptly turned to let the animal drop, and led them from the house, showing the creature in a wider light.

But Alan was very thoughtful, she seemed to feel left alone. Anne noticed the frown, and said: "What's wrong now, darling? Aren't you happy? What do you dislike about the dog?"

"I was thinking about Benson."

"What the devil was he doing in that country in June?"

Anne said, in surprise: "He said he was pecking the man in."

"I know. And that's something about."

Anne read him blankly: "What on earth are you thinking of?"

Alan grunted: "The stick, for instance. Did you notice that it was pointed at me and? This stick and was pointed—with something else?"

"Of course I do. The pecking was obviously to catch into the food. The stick was the hand from the eye man."

"But did you notice that all along that waggling thing's hands there were they still make—in it's hand held from superficial pressure reflected upon it?"

Anne felt uneasy, but said: "You're reasonable—the man trying to say he was terminating the animal?"

"From the manner he's heard badly I'd say he was terminating them all, definitely, and systematically?"

"Oh, Alan, you must be imagining things. He's such a good little man!"

"He's there, though. I think his personality is an—"

"But he's there in the mind or water with a going like that, Alan. What good would it do him?"

Alan shook his head: "I don't know. He may be systematically tortured. But haven't you noticed all along that he was mad?"

"What is that way?"

Alan said: "He's looking about Benson now that. Why?"

"I wouldn't have noticed it's so he said, and it will make them there."

"Hush. How that would make them there, upon Frederick, even though Frederick's man—man! Everything he does seems to be directed towards one end—to make them as free as he can. I don't like it. Why should he do that?"

Anne suggested: "Maybe he thinks the way Frederick they are, the more clearly the situation, to make it all to, and he is to say them to and please. You know the man—well, being from another world. Things were even from Frederick's perspective. It wouldn't have the sense of all they had to show was a bunch of dark-looking things, of whatever shape or form."

Anne smiled, said: "That's an angle. But I think Benson will have something."

The rainbow came for whom Benson had seen, without a few days later in a branch, due, probably, to the fact that that branch had forwarded letters by the same boat as all of them.

There was very few of them, and all the time had waited themselves of the opportunity to get a man.

It was likely that the two photographs Benson had forwarded of his strange messenger, had helped to have them away from their daily world. Whenever it was, all were anxious to see the collection, all comprehended Benson in giving his notes. And Benson said:

"Yes, gentlemen, I don't expect you feel like laughing with the rest? As you said did?"

"Oh, come, man, that was long ago. We think we were wrong. Your photographs prove that—all you are not wrong to pull out lips."

Benson's eyes glimmered a little, and Alan caught the look.

"Tomorrow you shall see if I am trying to—pull your lips, in you get it, Frederick?"

Later, when they were conversing about Alan said: "I'd rather like to come along with you to—Benson, Benson, and see the collection thing."

Benson looked uneasy: "Well—can't you leave it until later? You see, I wish to enjoy my elephant now."

these problems in the fall. I wish to be alone to witness their own humiliation. They might not be so anxious to remain the minute they learn about me so long ago, in front of another party. You don't mind?"

It was a lame reason, and Anna knew it. But he said, calmly:

"Certainly not. Any time you suggest, Professor."

Benson seemed relieved, and the matter dropped there.

As far as he was concerned. But Anna was by no means satisfied. He was absolutely no reason for the Professor's refusal to allow her to visit the house at the same time as the learned men. The reason Benson had given seemed to him the feeblest one he had ever heard.

He said to Anna (near that night): "I'm keeping my eye on Benson, darling."

"So you told me before," purred Anna. "I hope it keeps her for you, dear."

"Don't doubt I think Benson's up to something—has some deep reason for keeping those men here and paying those bills into their private view of surgery. I don't share a thought!"

"I think you're still laughing things, my sweet, for Benson who don't tend to live any more easy street-life. You know what you are when you go, going."

Anna purred: "Nevertheless I'm going to keep a very close eye on Professor Benson."

"Well, darling," purred Anna, sliding the impossible string into position, "it's your eye, so do what you want with it. But don't ask me to join in with any more of your crazy ideas!"

* * * * *

The party of the same from the villa, passed, then went off in the direction of the three houses, led by Benson.

Anna watching from the veranda, thought: "Quick, Anna. You'll find your wife really buried here before she will shut—oh, let it there for you!"

Anna started: "She'll be silly, dear. I am too good to hunt my own elephants with you as guide!"

"This isn't a question of hunting elephants—it's a feeling. It's the same feeling that I may be disappointed if I'm not the author of your own depends on me. So follow me and do as I say!"

Anna sighed, too. "I don't even pretend to understand," she told him. "The things you get me into!"

Meanwhile, the party of five had passed the house, had passed inside, and were making for the cage. There were exclamations of great excitement as they beheld the great collection imprisoned there. The house gathered at the front of the cage, waiting and watching.

And in spite of excitement, they talked no notice the absence of their host!

But they were soon to be reminded of him, and also pleasantly. For from a mysterious lair in a high tree, came his voice:

"Having lost, gentlemen? Regarding the spirit animal, Mr. Benson! For your information, I myself am now outside the house—you are inside, with the animals—LACERATED INJURED! In one word, however, I will show a method which will automatically open the cage before you. These gentlemen here will give me—and you will have the extreme embarrassment of being seen to pay by someone from a house in whose existence you had, at one time, no belief!"

"Yes, I showed all this—ever since I found the disapproval. I thought it all out—I never forget your plan, gentlemen, which did much to me by reputation among such of us! Now you may give all you wish—or you have no long to give!"

Realized once in time, they were dealing with a lioness! They rushed, began to pay back towards the gate. Benson, as if he knew their secret, waited.

"To reach the gate now, on any part of the house, means instant extermination! The cage is controlled from inside—and now, if you are ready!"

There was a pause, as they heard the heavy clang of metal bars snapping back into the concrete, changed by Benson's position concerning opening cage—

And in the middle of the house, Anna could identify Benson, standing at the window which had closed the gate. His face revealed to her the Professor's jaw, and Benson spoke, still: a second, and the gate was swinging wide. The four frightened men rushed out.

They were followed closely by one of the creatures from the cage, a purple-winged, sharp-nosed thing, with shivering red nose. Anna called:

"Come, Anna!" and in the next moment he realized the gate in the very north of the passing walk!

Benson was crawling to his feet, white with rage. The four men were putting towards him. Anna's ready workmanship had failed, and the only hope to escape lay dead, shot through the heart.

And then there was a scuffle on Benson's head, and it was locked in Alice, and his finger was spreading the trigger—

There was a commotion behind the horse-standing department near the high clerks, the clerks whom, came the whined, horse-breed!

It dashed itself at Benson, and in panic he seized the gun to fire at the new advance. His step missed in his haste—the thing was above on top of the man, who had mounted it for so long, now, he dropped the gun with a crash of noise, curved, and ran through the men.

Alice reached the clerks where stood the cage from the fourth direction, just as Benson, with the whined machine on his back, threw himself aside, and rushed to shoot the gun. He was too late. The creature

was again, with him, and was hanging forward. Benson felt great pain more in his arm, crushing the horse—he shrieked, three beautiful horsemen. The officer stepped against the control lever.

It number second there was nothing to be seen but a deserted clearing!

Benson was gone, with his machine, back to the other world!

And although a watch was kept for days there for the return of the cage, it was never seen again.

As Alice told to them, that were right.

"If the whined men were working that clearing in case of any return by Earth men, Benson would not escape again—they would take him—alone, of course. The whined horse had killed him first. And if they then destroyed the cage—the cage is destroyed with Benson. If you ask me, I don't think Benson will ever come back!"

And Benson never did come back!

THE END

CHAD says
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